

News from *Logie*; ¹³

OR, THE

Broken *Tent's* GHOST :

GIVING

A short Hint of the Rise and
Transaction of the Persecut-
ing MOB, at *Aithrey* in
Logie, April 24th, 1739.

IN OPPOSITION to

THE Observation of a *Solemn Fast*, ap-
pointed by the ASSOCIATE PRES-
BYTERY, kept upon a Spot of
Ground near the above Place.

THE wicked in his loftiness
doth persecute the poor :
In these devices they have fram'd,
let them be taken sure.
He closely sits in villages :
he slays the innocent :
Against the poor that pass him by,
his cruel eyes are bent:

PSALM X. 2, 3.

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The Broken Tent's Crack & How

When brutal Afler, flupid stools and ston
In Measure strange, lend forth exacted Trog
Let And Balaam, hardly reposed be
Else they anon a lady's grace may see
Come listen, People of whatever Rank
I'm now to tell you of that cruel Frank
The fatal Action of some bloody Men
In Egypt, who were taken alive, and slain
I pondered ways to be a heavy
From which Christ's Ministry shall be
Then Master's Message in the old
That man's enemies, they had
4 The four and twenty
Appointed was to be a
To mourn for sin was
Also, most lately, not
When they of the
They spake like Bock, and when
All who had eyes of
To gather him in
6 Cause we
What bloody
Which, and I tell
I don't know, it's
How One in Choller
Gather like they
A Thousand
I had the Man's Tongue
To break the Sabbath
His Friend black polluted
No, he should think
A





The broken Tent's Ghost, &c.

WHEN brutal Asses, stupid Stocks and Stones,
In Measure strange, send forth extorted Groans,
Let mad *Balaams* sharply reprov'd be,
Else they anon a sadder Scene may see.

2 Come listen, People of whatever Rank,
I'm now to tell you of that cruel Prank;
The fatal Action of some bloody Men
In *Logie*, who me taken have, and slain.

3 I honoured was to be a Theatre,
From which Christ's Ministers might free declare
Their Master's Message in the open Field;
Than me sometimes they had no other Bield.

4 The four and twenty Day of *April* last,
Appointed was to be a solemn Fast;
To mourn for Sin was all their grand Intent,
Altho' most basely nicknamed *Contempt*.

5 When they of the Appointment got the Hint,
They lap like Bucks, and all their Patience tint:
All who had Eyes or Legs were ready down,
To gather Pith from City and from Town.

6 'Cause *Mordicai* would noways lift his Cape,
Step o'er *Old-wharry* at proud *Haman's* Beck;
What bloody Plots and Threats forth did they rore,
Which, ah! I felt, they me in funder tore.

7 I don't know, if 'tis worth my While to tell,
How One in Choller great ran twenty Mile:
Sanbalet like, they sent with him in Speed,
A Threatning Letter to put Men in Dread.

8 Had this Man's Tongue and Feet been alike speedy
To break the Sabbath, would he been so greedy?
His Errand black pollutt'd holy Time,
Tho' he should think't Attonement for his Crime.

- 9 But was this all ? did here their Fury End ?
 Far from it: Nay, their bloody Face they mend,
 They meet, they lurk, contrive, project and plot ?
 They ly, they hatch, reproach, devise, what not ?
 10 Their Wit, their Malice, Strength and Policy
 Employed were in Plots successively,
 To gather Folk and Guns, they ran and rade,
 To get a Waught of Blood they gaped wide,
 11 But all their Rage was in Another's Hand,
 Who by his powerful Bridle did command,
 And Bounds did set to their tumultuous Hurry,
 And raging Billows of their blinded Fury.
 12 But who to mind e'er such a Thing could call,
 That all their Mischief on poor me should fall ?
 Some Boards and Sticks ne'er did nor said them ill ;
 Yet, lawless Lowns, they laid on me pell mell.
 13 Upon that Morning, when it light did grow,
 In *Blair of Logie* they their Horn did blow ;
 An Indication of intended War,
 Against the Fast these Horners did declare.
 14 All who did hear these Mobers blow their Horns,
 Might guess Mischief was in their Coble-horns !
 And that the *Blair* was one chief Seat and Spring
 Of that Conspiracy 'gainst *Zion's King*.
 15 Some hired were, some threatned to appear,
 Some fletched out, and some were Volenteer ;
 Some who as Rogues were from the City bang'd,
 And some who for their Forgery might been hang'd.
 16 Of such consisted that tumultuous Mob,
 All arm'd with Rungs, as chasing a wood Dog.
 Seditious Tumults loudly down they cry,
 And yet Ring-leaders in such Ways are they !
 17 To Acts and Laws they are Pretenders strick,
 And yet these very Acts in Fury break
 They're Loyal Subjects, they will People tell,
 Yet both 'gainst God and King they do rebel.
 18 I prove it thus ; God's Law forbids to kill,
 Yet they to Murder used all their Skill ;
 The King prohibits Mobs in every Place,
 Yet Rebel-like they mob before his Face.

19 At *Albany* they right early did convene,
 Tumultuously with Rage and Fury keen,
 Their mobish Bands in wait lay by the Way,
 In ravenous Sort, to swallow up the Prey.

20 Some Men upon their Shoulders then did take
 Me, at the Place appointed to erect,
 And there to do my Office as a *Ten*,
 Thus peaceably along the Way they went.

21 But when unto the fatal Place we came,
 To plunder then right quickly they began;
 Me from my just Proprietors did rob,
 Like mad Men joined in a thievish Club.

22 To quarter me in Pieces then they fell,
 They drew, they blew, nought could their Fury quell;
 No Safety nor Relief could I espy,
 Tare me in Pieces, loudly did they cry.

23 They gripp'd me, and brake my very Bones;
 Had I felt Pain, I had gi'n heavy Groans:
 My Sides together on the Ground did crush,
 Then with their Feet upon me they did rush.

24 The bra' Folk they ca' Elders too were there,
 To break and rattle me was their grand Care:
Turks to their Captives will more Pity pay,
 Than I from *Logie-Elders* got that Day.

25 I miss'd the Minister; but then, his Man
 Appear'd for him in that tumultuous Clan;
 And many say, he did not grip me slack,
 His Hands made all my shatter'd Ribs to crack.

26 Had I been Beast or Body, then I'm sure,
 I'd been oblig'd to send a fly some Rore,
 When all their Wrath on silly me did light;
 Let those who saw describe that cruel Sight.

27 With Violence they did me rug and rive,
 In bitter Rage did me in Pieces drive;
 And when they thought me useless, at the last,
 Away then from me with a Sneer they past.

28 Some say, they to the Ale-house straight did go,
 Where they remain'd the Time of Sermons two;
 From the Ale-bench to issue forth Club Law;
 And here's the Finis of their Projects a'

29 I challenge *Logie's* warlike Ambushment,
 Who fall are crying for a Precedent
 Of that which they so fiercely do oppose,
 And to that Cause their Hatred do expose.

30 I challenge them an Instance to produce,
 Or Precedent of that most grand Abuse;
 Tho' a bare Precedent could justify
 That bold Insult, yet found it cannot be.

31 Let them industriously search *Scotland* round,
 If possibly *Tent-Breakers* can be found;
 Or if a lawless Rable did gain-stand,
 A Fast, in any Corner, I demand.

32 Ask Persecutors in the former Age,
 If in this Shape they'd manifest their Rage:
 Of honest Men they slaughter'd many a Score,
 • But Tearing Tents was ne'er heard of before.

33 Ask Histories both sacred and prophane,
 If from them this grand Topick they can gain:
 'Tis true indeed, Tent-Makers may be shown,
 But until now, Tent-Breakers ne'er were known.

34 Ask Men of every different Rank and Size,
 If e'er they join'd in such an Enterprize,
 And spent their Fury on a harmless Tent;
 Pull up your Wit, and show a Precedent.

35 If *Arabs*, *Tartars*, or *Bellarmino's* Crew,
 Or *Cannibals* an Instance cannot shew;
 This *Dagon* Argument they must let fall
 Of Precedent, and boast no more at all.

36 In different Corners, I have heard a Stour
 Of 'reesting Money gather'd for the poor;
 St. *Ninian's* Priest did for such Alms pursue;
 But tearing Tents was never seen till now.

37 But would the World have a Reason why
 This reeling Mob at me had such Envy,
 And did their furious Malice on me wreck,
 (A silly Tent could neither do nor speak)

38 It was not for myself, I will be plain,
 They knew that I could do them little Harm;
 But for their Sakes who from me were to preach,
 And who the Gospel faithfully do teach.

39 Their

(7)
39 Their Rage at them did principally aim,
To shed their Blood had been more pleasant Game;
Of many a horrid, deep laid, crafty Plot;
This was the grand Intent, and very Scope.

40 As fetter'd Dogs, who cannot touch a Man,
Will bite and gnaw the Staff into his Hand;
So they the Ministers durst not attack,
But furiously they me in Pieties brake.

41 I know that Tents no Resurrection have,
Else I would then arise out of my Grave,
And testify against those Men that Day,
Who in Desire CHRIST's Witnesses would slay.

42 But tho' Tents rise not, Deeds and Actions do;
Remembring Books will open; and if so,
That Action vile against them will appear,
And in their Faces, 'gainst them Witness bear:

43 And every one shall witness 'gainst another,
The Uncle, Nephew, Father, Son and Brother;
Conscience awak'd shall their Accuser be,
And Christ their Judge their cruel Eyes shall see.

44 Who will them tell, if now they don't repent,
Your Persecuting Inch of Time is spent,
Your trifling Whims can't now sustained be,
To please your Priest; you persecuted Me:

45 My Ministers and People met you Day,
At Aithrey, Service unto Me to pay:
Yet you against Me boldly did rebel
In your Attempts, them from you to expel:

46 All earthly Fulness as mine own I claim,
My People from mine own, how durst ye then
Attempt to banish in outrageous Sort?
Come, reckon now for all your wicked Sport:

47 Because I did keep silence for a Time,
That I am like yourself, in vain, ye dream;
What to my little Ones ye did in spite,
As done to Me, I'll speedily requite.

48 With Stigmas vile you did my Servants crown,
As Turners of the World upside down:
A Falshood base, as Truth, you'd tell also,
If it their Character could reach a Blow;

49 'Cause

49 'Cause they with you could not go Hand in Hand,
 Affronting Me in your conspiring Band,
 And feed you with an empty vain Blasfloom,
 You're to them stated Enemies become.

50 You Renters, Railers, did them stigmatize,
 Because they spake not lying Prophecies,
 But witness bare to ancient Reformation,
 'Gainst Anticovenanted 'Bomination.

51 My Message in their Mouth you did disdain,
 As idle Stuff, 'gainst it you did exclaim ;
 When in my Name, my sacred Truths were told,
 To call them babbling Liars you were bold.

52 All Deeds done in the Body good or bad,
 Of them a strict Account must now be had,
 'Cording to which in just Proportion,
 A Recompence I'll render every One.

53 I'm now reveal'd in Wrath and flaming Fire,
 Who know me not, I'll trample in mine Ire :
 Of Vengeance terrible this is the Day ;
 Vengeance is mine, therefore I will repay.

54 Consider this, ye Persecutors all,
 Before the Lord's fierce Anger on you fall ;
 If at his Bar, in Wrath you sisted be,
 Woe to you then to all Eternity.

CONCLUSION.

RECORD it then to all Posterity,
 To *Logic's* Shame, Disgrace and Infamy ;
 They are the first in this degen'rate Age,
 Who vented have their persecuting Rage ;
 In warlike Shape, who did themselves oppose,
 To *Chastet* and *Reformation* Sun-light Foes.



F I N I S.

